To fleere and scorne at our solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
Capu. Why how now kinsman wherefore storme you so?
Tib. Vncle this a *Mountague* our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our solemnitie this night.
Capu. Yong *Romeo* is it.
Tib. Tis he, that Villaine *Romeo.*
Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouernd youth,
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my house doe him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill beseeming semblance for a Feast.
Tib. It fits when such a Villaine is a guest,
Ile not endure him.
Capu. He shall be endured.
What goodman Boy, I say he shall goe too,
Am I the Master here or you? goe too,
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
Youle make a mutinie among my guests:
You will set a Cock a hoope, youle be the man.
Tib. Why Vncle, tis a shame.
Capu. Goe too, goe too.
You are a sawcy Boy, ist so indeed?
This tricke may chance to scath you I know what,
You must contrary me, marry tis time,
Well said my hearts, you are a Princox, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,
Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.
Ti. Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:

I will

I will withdraw but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall. *Exit.*
Ro. If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sinne is this,
My lips two blushing Pilgrims did readie stand,
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kisse.
Iu. Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too much
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this,
For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands doe tuch,
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kisse.
Ro. Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?
Iuli. I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in Prayer.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips doe what hands doe,
They pray, (grant thou) least faith turne to despaire.
Iu. Saints doe not moue, though grant for Prayers sake.
Ro. Then moue not while my Prayers effect I take,
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.
Iu. Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.
Ro. Sin from my lips, O trespasse sweetly vrgd:
Giue me my sin againe.
Iuli. You kisse bith booke.
Nur. Madam your mother craues a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nur. Marrie Batcheler,
Her mother is the Ladie of the house,
And a good Ladie, and a wise and vertuous,
I nurst her daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks.
Rom. Is she a *Capulet*?
O deare account! my life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.
Rom. I so I feare, the more is my vnrest.
Capu. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish Banquet towards:
Is it ene so? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night:

More-

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3736) Octavo